THE ONTARIO READERS FIRST BOOK

ONTARIO

AUTHORIZED

One Flag

One Fleet

One Throne

The Union Jack

THE ONTARIO READERS

FIRST BOOK

AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

PRICE 6 CENTS

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THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION FOR ONTARIO

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
Morning Hymn		1
Little Things		1
The Swing	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	2
The Honest Indian		3
The Little Nut		6
Cradle Song		7
The Boys and the Frogs		7
How Did He Do It	*Emilie Poulsson*	8
Three Little Kittens		12
The Crows and the Windmill		15
What Does Little Birdie Say	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*	17
A Secret		18
The Wind and the Sun	*Æsop*	19
Two Little Kittens		22
King Solomon and the Bees		24
The Sunbeam		26
A Kitten Rhyme	*Emilie Poulsson*	27
October's Party	*George Cooper*	29
The Star		30
A Great Noise		31
Lady Moon		34
The Hare and the Tortoise	*Æsop*	35
What I Should Do		38
The Fox and the Cat.		39
The Snow-flakes		41
The Bell of Atri.		43
Snow		45
The Bright Side	*Algernon Tassin*	46
The Wolf and the Cat		47
The Wind and the Leaves.	*George Cooper*	49
The Dog and the Shadow.	*Æsop*	50
Look Up and Try		51

CONTENTS

		PAGE
How the Pony Was Shod		53
My Little Doll	*Charles Kingsley*	56
Lucy of the Lighthouse		57
If	*Rose Fyleman*	62
The Spider and the Fly	*Mary Howitt*	64
The Honest Woodman		66
The Rainbow	*Lizzie Hadley*	68
The Field Mouse and the Town Mouse		69
Cherries	*Frederick E. Weatherley*	72
The Four Peaches		73
Gray and White		76
The Little Gray Kitten	*Mary Lawrence Turnbull*	78
Three Bugs	*Alice Cary*	83
The Frog Prince		85
The Queer Little House		89
Little Things		91
Alice	*Christina Rossetti*	93
The Fox and the Hen		94
Spring Waking	*Isabel Ecclestone Mackay*	96
The Pied Piper		98
Song of the Fairies	*John Lyly*	102
The Baby Swallow	*Rambert*	103
The Little Acorn	*Lucy Wheelock*	105
The Dandelion		111
The Seed and the Stone		112
The Laughing Brook	*Elizabeth Scantlebury*	114
The Story of Moses		115
Spring	*Celia Thaxter*	118
The Reason Why		120
Bird Thoughts		121
Evening Hymn		122

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

FIRST READER

MORNING HYMN

FATHER, we thank Thee for the light,
And for the blessings of the night;
For rest and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

R. L. Stevenson

THE HONEST INDIAN

An old Indian once bought some things from a white man who kept a store.

When he got back to his wigwam and opened his bundle, he found some money in it.

"Good Luck!" thought the old Indian to himself. "I will keep this money. It will buy many things."

He went to bed, but he could not sleep. All night long he kept thinking about the money.

Over and over again he thought, "I will keep it." But something within him seemed to say: "No, no, you must not keep it; that would not be right."

Early the next morning he went back to the white man's store.

"Here is some money," said he; "I found it in my bundle."

"Why did you not keep it?" asked the store-keeper.

"There are two men inside me," replied the Indian. "One said: 'Keep it. You found it. The white man will never know.'

"The other said: 'Take it back!

Take it back! It is not yours! You have no right to keep it!'

"Then the first one said: 'Keep it! Keep it!'

"But the other kept saying: 'No! No! Take it back! Take it back!'

"The two men inside me talked all night. They would not let me sleep.

"I have brought the money back. Now the two men will stop talking. To-night I shall sleep."

A wise old owl sat on an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that bird?

THE LITTLE NUT

A LITTLE brown baby,
round and wee,
With kind winds
to rock him,
slept up in a tree;
And he grew
and he grew, till
—I'm sorry to say!
He fell right out of his cradle one day.

Down, down from the tree-top, a very bad fall!
But this queer little fellow was not hurt at all;
Now sound and sweet he lies down in the grass,
And there you will find him whenever you pass.

Do as you would be done by.

It is never too late to mend.

CRADLE SONG

Shut, little sleepy blue eyes;
Dear little head, be at rest;
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on his own mother's
breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Soft on your pillow so white;
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS

Some boys, playing near a pond, saw a number of frogs in the water and began to pelt them with stones. One of the frogs, lifting his head above the water, cried out: "Boys, do stop: what is sport for you is not at all sport for us."

HOW DID HE DO IT

THERE was once a boy who had three goats.

All day long the three goats ran and played upon the hill. At night the boy drove them home.

One night the frisky things jumped into a turnip field. He could not get them out.

Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

As he sat there a hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the hare.

"I cry because I cannot get the goats out of the field," said the boy.

"I'll do it," said the hare.

So he tried, but the goats would not come.

Then the hare, too, sat down and cried.

Along came a fox. "Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries," said the hare. "The boy is crying because he cannot get three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the fox.

So the fox tried to get them out of the field. But the goats would not come.

Then the fox, too, began to cry.

Soon after a wolf came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I am crying because the hare cries," said the fox. "The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the wolf.

He tried, but the goats would not leave the turnip field.

So he sat down with the others and began to cry, too.

After a little, a bee flew over the

hill and saw them all sitting there, crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

"I am crying because the fox cries. The fox is crying because the hare cries. The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the bee.

Then the big animals and the boy stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny bee.

But the bee flew away into the turnip field and alighted upon one of the goats, and said:

"Buz-z-z-z-z!"

And out ran the goats, every one!

EMILIE POULSSON

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their
mittens,
And they began to cry,

"O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

"No, you shall have no pie."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,

"O mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens.
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."

"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
O let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;

"O mother dear,
We greatly fear,
That we have soiled our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"

Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens washed
their mittens,
And hung them out to dry,

"O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our
mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
O, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by:
Hush! Hush!"

"Mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

THE CROWS AND THE WINDMILL

THERE was once a windmill that swung its arms round and round day after day. It did no harm to anybody.

But there was a flock of crows living near who did not like the busy mill. They said it wanted to kill some of them. What else could it mean by swinging its great arms the whole day long?

So all the crows met together one summer evening near the mill.

The younger crows all thought the mill a bad thing and wanted to pull it down at once.

Then an old crow said: "Does the windmill ever leave its place, and chase crows or hurt them?"

The crows had to own that it did not.

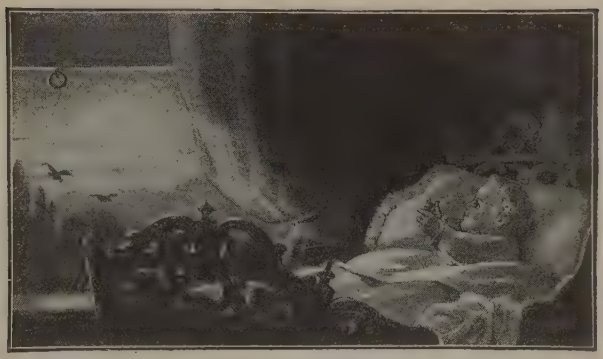
"How, then," asked the old crow, "is it likely to kill any of you?"

"Oh, it will do that if we go near it," they all said.

"And is that the only way that any of you will be hurt by it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then," said the wise old crow, "I have only one thing to say: Keep out of harm's way."



WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

TENNYSON

A SECRET

I KNOW of a cradle, so wee and so blue,
Where a baby is sleeping this morning,—do you?

I think he is dreaming the dearest of things—
Of songs and of sunshine, of tiny brown wings.

I'll tell you a secret,—don't tell where you heard,—
The cradle's an egg,—and the baby's a bird!

Work while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way
To be happy and gay.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

"I AM stronger than you are," said the cold, north wind.

"Indeed you are not," answered the bright, warm sun.

"Indeed, but I am."

"Indeed, but you are not."

"I will prove that I am stronger."

"You can't do that."

Just then a traveller was seen on the highway.

"I can get that traveller's coat off his back," said the cold, north wind.

"And I can make that traveller take his coat off in less time than you can," answered the bright, warm sun.

"Try it," roared the cold, north wind.

"You try it first," answered the bright, warm sun.

So the north wind blew a furious blast. The man was nearly blown down. The clasp of his coat was broken; but he held it close about him and struggled on.

Again the north wind blew; but the man only stood still, holding

his coat closer until the blast was over.

"It is my turn now," said the sun. So he came out and poured his hot rays straight down upon the traveller.

"This is a strange climate," said the traveller; "first so cold, then so hot. I must take off this heavy coat, and here is a shady place beneath this tree where I will sit down and rest."

ÆSOP

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.
One had a mouse, the other had none;
And that's the way the fight was begun.

"I will have the mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You will have the mouse! We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the older one.
"You shan't have that mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two kittens began to fight.
The old woman took her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on a mat
at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping
the floor.

Then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice;
For they thought 'twould be better,
that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and
fight.

You never know, you cannot guess
What harm a little lie may do;
There's just one way that's safe and sure,
And that is just be always true.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES

Long, long ago there lived a King called Solomon. He was so wise that people came from all parts of the earth to visit him.

If there was a quarrel, he knew how to settle it; if there was anything lost, he knew where to find it; if there was any riddle, he could solve it.

One day a beautiful lady drove

up to his castle. She was very wealthy, for she was a Queen. She brought with her rich presents for the King. She talked with him for many hours, and she admired his great wisdom.

Before leaving she said she would test his power in a new way. She placed before the King two beautiful flowers. One was real, and the other was made of wax. But the two flowers looked exactly alike.

"Choose now, O King!" she said. "Tell me, after looking at them, which is the real flower, and which flower is made of wax."

For a long time the King looked at the flowers, but one seemed to be as real as the other. At last

he said: "We shall take the flowers to the garden."

In the garden the bees were flying around, seeking for honey. They came to the two flowers, but not one of them entered the flower made of wax.

"Now, O Queen!" he said, "I can tell you which is the real flower. My eyes cannot tell, but the bees always go where the honey is."

THE SUNBEAM

See that little sunbeam
Darting through the room,
Lighting up the darkness,
Scattering the gloom.

Let me be a sunbeam
Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
Every one I know.

A KITTEN RHYME

See my kitty—little Dot.
Very pretty, is she not?
Soft and silky
Is her fur.
If you stroke it,
She will purr.

She's all white but one black spot.
That is why her name is Dot.
Dot won't hurt you
With her claws,
Keeps them hidden
In her paws.

Often when my Grandma knits,
Close beside her kitty sits,

Watching, watching
Grandma's ball,
Wishing she would
Let it fall.

When it does drop, oh! the fun!
You should see how Dot can run!

Dot has never
Caught a rat.
She's too little
Yet for that.

She is only good at play,
But she'll catch the rats some day.

EMILIE POULSSON

EARLY to bed,
And early to rise,
Makes a man healthy,
Wealthy, and wise.

OCTOBER'S PARTY

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came,
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.

The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed,
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.

All balanced to their partners
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollow
At hide-and-seek they played;
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.

Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In hands across, all round.

GEORGE COOPER

THE STAR

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
There you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

A GREAT NOISE

ONCE upon a time five rabbits lived near a lake in an old forest. One day they heard a great noise, and all ran away as fast as they could.

The foxes saw them running and called out: "Oh rabbits, why do you run so fast and look so scared?" The rabbits replied: "There was a great noise." Then the foxes ran, too.

The bears saw the foxes running and asked: "Oh foxes, why do you run?" The foxes said: "There was a great noise." Then the bears ran, too.

The wolves saw the bears running and asked: "Oh bears, why do you run?" The bears answered: "There was a great noise." Then the wolves ran, too.

But one big, old wolf called out: "Why should we all run? We are strong and can fight. What was this noise?" The wolves said: "We do not know, but the bears said that there was a noise."

The wolf asked the bears and they replied: "We do not know, but the foxes said that there was a great noise." And the rabbits said: "We heard a great noise near our home and then we ran."

"Where is your home?" asked the wolf.

"We live near the lake in the forest," replied the rabbits.

"What was this noise like?"

"It was a crackling sound, loud as thunder."

"Now," said the old wolf, "let us all go to the lake and see what this great noise was."

So the wolves and bears and foxes and rabbits went together to the lake, and what do you think they found? Why, just a big tree that had fallen into the water.

LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Lord Houghton

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

ONCE upon a time a Hare overtook a Tortoise on a road that led to a large city.

"Good-morning, friend Tortoise," said the Hare. "Where are you going to-day?"

"I am going to the river that flows through the city," said the Tortoise.

"That is a long way off," said the Hare, "and you are very slow. If you could run as fast as I can you would soon be there."

"Yet I might beat you in a race to the river," said the Tortoise.

"Done!" said the Hare. "Let us run a race and let the Fox be judge."

When they were ready, the Fox said: "One, two, three, go!" and away they went. The Hare was soon out of sight of the Tortoise. "That Tortoise will never catch me," he said, "I shall rest here for a few minutes." So he lay down in the grass and fell asleep.

The Tortoise kept on steadily till he came to the river.

When the Hare awoke from his nap, he could not see the Tortoise; so he said: "What a slow, old fellow he is! I shall go back and look for him;" but after going back some distance he could not find him. Then he said to himself: "I think I shall run on to the river, get a drink, and wait for the Tortoise."

When the Hare came racing down to the river, there sat the smiling Tortoise, waiting for him.

"Well! Well!" said the Fox, "I see that the race is not always won by the swift."

ÆSOP

A stitch in time saves nine.

WHAT I SHOULD DO

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide;
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose!

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled;
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

THE FOX AND THE CAT

One day a cat met a fox in the woods. Now the cat knew that the fox had seen a good deal of the world, and she thought him very clever and wise.

So she said: "Good-morning, Mr. Fox, how are you?"

The proud fox looked at her from head to foot and said: "How dare you ask me how I am! Do

you think you are my equal? What can you do? How many tricks do you know?"

"I know just one trick," said the meek cat.

"And, pray, what is that?" asked the fox.

"Well," said the cat, "I can climb up a tree out of the way of dogs, and so save myself."

"Is that all?" said the fox. "Why, I know a hundred tricks. Come with me and I will show you how to baffle dogs."

Just then a pack of hounds came running through the woods. The cat sprang up into a tree and hid on a high branch. The fox ran for his life, but the hounds soon caught him.

"Ah, Mr. Fox," said the cat, "if you had known even one safe trick like mine, you would not have lost your life."

THE SNOW-FLAKES

See the pretty snow-flakes,
Falling from the sky;
On the wall and house-tops,
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window-ledges,
On the branches bare,
See how fast they gather,
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snow-flakes,
Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare, black bushes
All look soft and white;
Every twig snow-laden,
What a pretty sight.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.

One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made.

THE BELL OF ATRI

THE king of Atri built a tall tower and hung a big bell in it. A long rope hung from the bell to the ground. "If any one does you a wrong, ring this bell," said the king, "then I shall know that some one needs help."

Many people rang the bell—rich people and poor people, big people and little people. But at length

the rope was worn off till a man could hardly reach it. Some person, passing by, saw this and mended it with a long grape-vine.

Not far from the town lived a faithful old horse. He had worked for his master many years, and now he was too old to work any more. This unkind man would not feed him, but turned him out on the street to starve.

The poor horse wandered about until he saw the grape-vine. He was hungry and tried to eat it. This made the bell ring, and the king came to see who needed help. When he saw the starving horse, he sent for his master.

"This poor horse has served you well many years," said the king. "He is old now and cannot work. You must take him back to his stable, and feed and care for him for the rest of his life."

Then was the man ashamed, but he led home the horse and did as the king had ordered.

SNOW

This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling;
So God giveth the snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful.
This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.

Whene'er a snow-flake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say: "Good-bye,
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray,"
Then lightly travels on its way.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

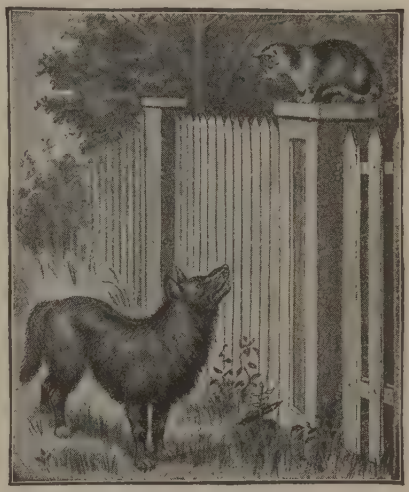
Nanny has a hopeful way,—
Bright and sunny Nanny!
When I cracked the cup to-day,
She said, in her hopeful way,
"It's only cracked; don't fret, I pray."
Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,
So good, and sweet, and canny;
When I broke a cup to-day,
She said, in her hopeful way,
"Well, 'twas cracked, I'm glad to say."
Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,—
Quite right, little Nanny;
Cups will crack and break alway,
Fretting doesn't mend nor pay;
Do the best you can, I say,
Busy, loving Nanny!

Algernon Tassin

THE WOLF AND THE CAT



A WOLF ran out of a forest into a village, not because it wanted to go there, but because the hounds were hunting it.

It saw a cat sitting on a gate post and said, in its softest voice: "Thomas, my friend, tell me quickly who is the kindest man in the village, that I may hide in his barn from my foes. Do you hear the cry of the dogs who are in search of me?"

"Run quickly and ask Mr. Smith," said Thomas; "he is a kind man."

"True," said the wolf, "but I have killed one of his sheep."

"Well, then, try Mr. Brown."

"I fear he is vexed with me because I ate one of his goats."

"Suppose you try Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones! Why I carried off one of his calves last spring."

"So you have done harm to all these people. How can you expect help from those whom you have injured?"

"Oh, here are the hounds!" said the trembling wolf, and it raced away down the streets with the dogs close behind.

"Yes," said the cat, "what one sows he must reap."

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day;
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and flying, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were
content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a blanket over their heads.

George Cooper

Whatever you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A DOG, crossing a stream with a piece of meat in his mouth, saw his own shadow in the clear water. He took the shadow he saw to be another dog.

"Aha!" said he, "I am in luck this morning. I have my breakfast in my mouth, and now I'll secure my dinner, too."

With that he snatched at the piece of meat which he saw in the shadow. But so far from getting the second piece, he dropped his own into the water. He was sadly put out to see that the other dog had dropped his, too.

He had to go home without his breakfast or dinner either, for his own piece had at once sunk to the bottom, away beyond his reach. The greedy dog had grasped at too much and had lost what he had.

ÆSOP

LOOK UP AND TRY

THREE little birdies up in a tree
Come out of the nest to fly.
They all look up, and they all look down,
And they chirp, "We are far too shy."

Three little birdies shake their heads,
When the old bird says, "Now try."
They all hop back, and they all sit down,
And they chirp, "We are far too high."
"Three little birdies, silly things,
Stay there, and you all will die!"
Off flies the old bird, and shakes her wings,
And says to them all, "Bye-bye."

Three little birdies hop from the nest
And chirp, "Now we all must try;
Out we must go to get nice fat worms,
For none of us wishes to die."
Three little birdies won't look down,
They all look up at the sky,
Off they all go, the three in a row,
And now they all can fly.

HOW THE PONY WAS SHOD

THERE was once a boy who owned a little gray pony. Every morning the boy would jump on his pony and ride away clippety, clippety, clap!

As he rode to town one day, he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. He looked back and saw a horse-shoe. Down

he leaped and looked at his pony's feet. Then he cried:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

He made haste to go to the blacksmith and when he saw him he told him his trouble. But the blacksmith said:

"How can I shoe your pony's feet
Without some coal the iron to heat?"

The boy was downcast when he heard this. He left the pony in the smith's shop and went out to buy coal. He met a farmer coming to town and told him his trouble. The farmer said:

"I have bushels of corn and hay and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat;

But I have no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your
pony's feet."

The boy turned away very sad. Just then an old woman came down the road, driving a flock of geese. He told her all about his trouble, and she laughed till her geese began to cackle. Then she said:

"If you would know where the coal is
found,
You must go to the miner who works in
the ground."

He ran to the miner who had lumps of black coal ready. He took these in haste to the blacksmith who lit a great, red fire. Then the smith beat out a fine, new shoe, with a cling and a clang.

He put it on the pony's foot with a tap and a rap, and away rode the boy—clippety, clippety, clap!

MY LITTLE DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

Charles Kingsley

LUCY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

Lucy was a little girl who lived alone with her father in a lighthouse on a rocky island far out in the sea.

It was her father's work to take care of the large lamp in the lighthouse and at night to keep it always burning. The sailors who passed that way on the sea were thus able

to steer their ships away from the rocks near by.

Lucy did not go to school because she lived so far away from the schools on the mainland; but her father taught her many things.

She went out on bright days and played in the sand. She was fond of the pretty shells and stones which she found there, and was as happy as any little girl can be.

Every night at sundown Lucy followed her father when he went up the many steps which led to the lamp in the lighthouse tower; and she watched him as he lighted the lamp and talked to him of the sailors who might be saved by it.

One day her father said to her: "They have brought us no food

this week, and I must go to land in my boat to buy some. I will be back before dark."

Lucy watched his little boat till it was only a speck on the water; then it passed out of sight. She was a brave girl and had no fear of being alone.

Soon a black cloud came up, and then many clouds, and the sun was hidden. Rain began to fall in great drops, and Lucy took shelter in the lighthouse.

The storm was very wild, and the sea was very rough. From the window Lucy watched the giant waves. She knew her father could not come home in his little boat until the storm was over.

Soon night came on, and it was

very dark, and her father was not there to light the big lamp. Oh! if she could only light it, to show the way to her father and to the passing ships!

Although Lucy was a brave girl, she was lonely now and longed for her father. She climbed the stairs and tried to light the lamp as she had many times seen her father light it.

She was too short to reach the light. So she went down the stairs, and step by step carried up a chair and placed it under the lamp.

She mounted the chair and was glad to find that she could now reach high enough. She struck a match, for it was an oil lamp, and at once a great light shone out from

the big lamp over the sea and toward the shore.

The storm soon ceased, and the great waves went down. Lucy was sure her father would soon come home.

By this time she was so tired that she could not keep awake, and she lay down on a rug near the lamp and fell sound asleep.

An hour or two afterwards her father returned, ran up the stairs as fast as he could, and saw the brave girl lying there asleep; and the lighthouse lamp was burning bright. Never was there a father more proud and happy.

ADAPTED

Good to begin well;
Better to end well.

IF

If I were a bird with a dear little nest,
I should always be going for flights,
I'd fly to the North and the South and the West,
And see all the wonderful sights.
I'd perch on the point of the very tall spires,
And race with the insects and bees,
And there would be parties on telegraph wires,
And school at the top of the trees.

If I were a fairy and lived in a flower,
What fun, oh, what fun it would be!
I'm certain I never should sleep for an hour,
And I'd always have honey for tea.
And never a stocking or shoe would I wear,
Nor ever a hat on my head,
And no one would tell me to tidy my hair,
And no one would send me to bed.

If I were a duchess in satin and pearls.
I'd curtsey like this and like this;
I'd graciously smile at the lords and the earls,
And give them my fingers to kiss.
And mother should dress all in silver and pink,
And daddy in silver and green,
And off we should go in a coach, only think,
To live with the King and the Queen!

ROSE FYLEMAN

To think kindly is good,
To speak kindly is better,
To act kindly is best.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
Said the Spider to the Fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy.

"The way into my parlour
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things
To show when you are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around;
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in."

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed."

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
How brilliant are your eyes!

"I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlour shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now,
I'll call another day."

The Spider turned round and went into his den. He knew the silly little Fly would soon come back to hear him say flattering

words about her, and she did. Then he caught her and

—dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—
But she ne'er came out again.

MARY HOWITT
(Adapted)

THE HONEST WOODMAN

A WOODMAN, who was cutting wood on the banks of a river, let his axe fall into the water. He at once began to pray to the gods to find it for him.

Mercury appeared and asked him what was the matter.

"I have lost my axe," said he.

When Mercury heard this, he dived into the water and brought up a golden axe.

"Is this your axe?" said Mercury.

"It is not," said the man.

Next time Mercury brought up a silver one. "Is this one yours?" "No," said the woodman again.

The third time Mercury brought up an iron one, which the man said was his, as soon as he saw it.

"It is yours," said Mercury, "and for your honesty I shall give you the other two, also."

Do not judge a thing by its size. Sometimes little things are better than big things.

THE RAINBOW

Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky;
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out, and said:
"Oh! never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo;
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red—
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud-tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

LIZZIE HADLEY

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

PROVERBS, XV, 1

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

A YOUNG Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in the town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him. So one morning he went out to the country to visit his friend. At noon they sat down to a meal of dry corn and wheat. It was the best food that the Field Mouse could get.

"Do you know, my friend," said the Town Mouse, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Are you content to live on corn and wheat for the rest of your life? Why, at home I have all kinds of good things. Come with me to town and enjoy them."

"I shall be very glad to go with you," said the Field Mouse, so the two set off for town. It was night when they got to the fine house in which the Town Mouse lived. They soon sat down to a meal of cheese and cream and bread and honey.

"You are right," said the Field Mouse, "it is much better to live here than in the country."

Just then a big cat came into the pantry. "Run," said the Town Mouse, and they hid in a hole. When the cat left the room, they came out to finish their meal; but before they could get to the table a big dog jumped in. "Run for your life," said the Town Mouse, and they hid again in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse said: "Do as you like, my friend, eat all you want, have your fill of good things, but you must be in fear of your life every day. I will go back to the country where I have simple food, but where, at least, I can eat it in peace."

So he said good-bye to his town friend and ran back to the country as fast as he could.

CHERRIES

Under the tree the farmer said,
Smiling and shaking his wise old head:
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,
There's the grass to be cut and the corn to hoe;
We can gather the cherries any day,
But when the sun shines we must make our hay;
To-night, when the work has all been done,
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up on the tree a robin said,
Perking and shaking his saucy head:

"Cherries are ripe! and so to-day
We'll gather them while you make the hay;
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe,
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."
At night the farmer said: "Here's a trick!
These roguish robins have had their pick."

F. E. WEATHERLEY

THE FOUR PEACHES

ONCE upon a time four brothers lived together. They were rich and happy. But one day a great storm swept over the land, and their barns and houses were blown down, and their cattle killed.

Now, in that land, there lived a very wise man, and the brothers went to him and told him of their hard luck. He had pity on them and gave each of them a wonderful peach.

"Put your peach on your head," he said to each, "and go your way. Where the peach falls, there dig, and what your spade uncovers, that take and be glad." So they went out together.

When they had gone a mile, one peach fell to the ground. Its owner dug and found Copper. "Good!" said he to his brothers; "stay with me and share in my luck." But they thought they could do better, and went on.

In a short time the second man's peach fell, and he dug and found Silver. "Better still!" said he; "stay with me, brothers, and share my fortune." But they thought they might do better, and went on.

Soon the third man's peach fell,

and he dug and found Gold. "Best of all!" cried he. "Brother, stay here, take half my fortune, and be glad with me." But the fourth man thought he might find Diamonds, and went on.

Well, after a long walk, his peach fell, and, after much digging, he found Iron. He was sad. He did not know which was of greater use, Diamonds or Iron. Do you?

THERE are no fairy folks that ride
About the world at night,
And give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right;
But, if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.

ALICE CARY

GRAY AND WHITE

There was once a rabbit with silver fur:
Her little gray neighbours looked up to her,
Till she thought with pride in the moon-lit wood,
"The reason I'm white is because I'm good."

"Oh what shall I do?" cried a tiny mole;
"A fairy has tumbled into a hole:
It's full of water and crawling things,
And she can't get out, for she's hurt her wings.

"I did my best to catch hold of her hair,
But my arms are so short, and she's still in there,
Oh! darling white rabbit, your arms are long,
You say you are good, and I know you are strong."

"Don't tell me about it," the rabbit said,—
She shut up her eyes, and her ears grew
red;—
"There's lots of mud, and it's sure to stick,
Because my hair is so long and thick."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed the poor little
mole,
"Who will help the fairy out of the hole?"
A common gray rabbit popped up from the
gorse,
"I'm not very strong, but I'll try, of course."

His little tail bobbed as he waded in,
The muddy water came up to his chin,
But he caught the fairy tight by the hand
And sent her off safe into Fairy-land.

But she kissed him first on his muddy nose,
She kissed his face, and his little wet toes,
And when the day dawned, in the early light
That little gray rabbit was shining white.

HONOUR thy father and thy mother, that thy
days may be long in the land.

THE LITTLE GRAY KITTEN

ONCE upon a time there was a little gray kitten who had wandered far away from home.

At first she liked all the strange sights she saw, but by and by she began to feel very homesick, and wished she were once more cuddled up with her brothers and sisters.

Now the only word that this

little gray kitten knew was "Mew!" So when she was lonely, she would say "Mew!" When she was hungry, she would say "Mew!" When she was cold or tired, glad or sad, it was always "Mew!"

At home they knew what she meant when she said "Mew!" but out in the wide, wide world nobody seemed to know.

Wandering along the street, she came upon a little squirming earthworm. "Mew?" said she, meaning "Where is my home?"

The earthworm, however, did not notice the little gray kitten but crawled away across the street.

Next, the little gray kitten met a butterfly on the top of a dandelion. "Mew?" said the little gray

kitten, meaning "Can you tell me where my home is?"

But the butterfly did not say anything and flew away.

The little gray kitten walked on, and then she spied a robin on a stone wall near by. "Mew?" said the little gray kitten, meaning "Where is my home?"

But the robin, cocking his head to one side, answered, "Chirp, chirp!" Then spreading his wings, he flew away.

The little gray kitten felt very sad indeed, but running along, she came up to a big black dog. "Mew, mew?" said the little gray kitten, meaning "Oh, can you tell me where my home is?"

But the big black dog shook his

tail and barked, "Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow!" so loudly that the little gray kitten ran away from him as fast as she could go.

The little gray kitten was very tired, but she still ran on and soon met a big red cow. "Mew, mew?" said the little gray kitten, meaning "Where is my home?"

The big red cow, however, hardly looking at the little kitten, stretched out her big head and shouted, "Moo, moo-oo!" This frightened the little gray kitten so much that she jumped over a fence and right into the middle of a flower-bed.

There she caught sight of a little girl running up to her with such a sweet smile on her face that the little gray kitten ran to her and

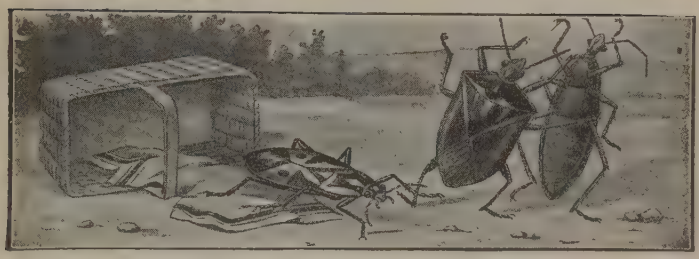
said once more, "Mew, mew?" meaning "Do you know where my home is?"

"Oh, you dear fluffy gray ball," said the smiling little girl, catching the kitten up in her arms. "I'm going to take you right home to live with me."

The little girl was the only one who had understood, and the little gray kitten purred softly. She was happy, for she had found a home at last.

MARY LAWRENCE TURNBULL

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.



THREE BUGS

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all;
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said: "We will eat
this bread,
And that is what we'll do!"

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarrelling,—
The white and the black and gold;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself about,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was war in the basket,
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree,—
The white and the black and the gold,
And share what comes of the beds and
the crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

ALICE CARY

THE FROG PRINCE

IN the old far-off days there lived a young princess so beautiful that even the sun, which sees a great many things, had never seen her

equal. When she was dull, she played with a golden ball, tossing it and catching it.

One day, as she sat playing near a deep well her ball rolled into it. At this she began to cry and sob and was very unhappy.

Just then a frog put his head out of the water and said: "What ails you?" The princess told him.

"What will you give me if I bring your ball up to you?" said the frog.

"Anything you may ask," replied the princess.

"If you will love me, and let me sit by you at your own table, and eat off your little golden plate, and be your friend—if you promise this —I will dive for your ball," said he.

"Oh, yes," said she, "I promise all you ask, only bring back my ball."

No sooner had the frog brought back the ball than the princess picked it up and ran away with it to the palace, leaving the frog behind.

Next day, as the king and his family sat at dinner, a knock was heard at the door, and a voice said:

"Princess, youngest princess!
Open the door for me!
Have you forgotten what befell
Yesterday by the side of the well?"

The princess told her father who it was and what she had promised. Then said the king: "You must do what you said you would. Go and

let him in." She did so and the frog hopped along to the table.

"Lift me up," said the frog, "and put me on the table." But she would not until her father bade her do it. "Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together."

When she refused, because she was afraid of the frog, her father said: "You ought not to feel so toward one who helped you when you were in trouble. What you have promised you must do."

So she moved her little golden plate nearer to him, and they ate together. When she had done her dinner, she began to feel less afraid of the frog, and in the afternoon she played with him for some time.

Next morning the strangest thing had happened. The frog was nowhere to be seen, but at the top of the stairs she found a charming young prince waiting for her. He told her how he had been changed into a frog by a wicked fairy and shut up in the well, and that no one but the most beautiful princess who would make a friend of him could change him back again.

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE

There's a queer little house, and it stands in the sun.
When the good mother calls, the children all run.
While under her roof they are cosy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle and bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer little house moves
away,
And the children run after it, happy and
gay;
But it comes back at night, and the children
are fed
And tucked up to sleep in a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house has no windows nor
doors—
The roof has no shingles, the rooms have no
floors—
No fireplaces, chimneys, nor stoves can you
see,
Yet the children are cosy and warm as can
be.

The story of this funny house is all true;
I have seen it myself, and I think you have,
too.
You can see it to-day, if you watch the old
hen,
When her downy wings cover her chickens
again.

LITTLE THINGS

Two men were at work one day in a shipyard. They were hewing a piece of timber to put into a ship. It was a small piece and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm about half an inch long, in the wood.

"This wood is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?"

"I don't know: yes, I think it may go in: it will never be seen, of course."

"Yes; but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase and injure the ship."

"No, I think not. To be sure the wood is not worth much; but

I do not wish to lose it. Come, never mind the worm, we have seen but one; put it in."

So the wormy piece of wood was put in. The ship was made, and she looked very noble, indeed. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found to be much eaten by worms. The captain tried to get her home, but she sprang a leak. She filled with water and soon after sank, with most of the crew and all the goods on board.

You see that a fine ship and many lives may be lost through a

little worm! And how much evil may a man do when he does a small wrong, as he did who put the wormy timber into the ship!

ALICE

Dancing on the hilltops,
  Singing in the valleys,
Laughing with the echoes,
  Merry little Alice.

Playing games with lambkins
  In the flowering valleys,
Gathering pretty posies,
  Helpful little Alice.

If her father's cottage
  Turned into a palace,
And he owned the hilltops
  And the flowering valleys,
She'd be none the happier,
  Happy little Alice.

Christina Rossetti

THE FOX AND THE HEN

A HUNGRY fox was one day looking for a poultry-yard. As he was passing a farmhouse, he saw a hen and some chickens which had gone up into a tree for the night. He drew near and invited them to come down and rejoice with him on account of the fact that peace had been made among the animals.

The hen said she was glad of it, but that she did not intend to come down before the next morning. "But," said she, "I see two dogs coming; I have no doubt they will be glad to celebrate with you the making of peace."

Just then the fox remembered that he had business elsewhere, and, bidding the hen good-bye, began to run.

"Why do you run?" said the hen. "If the animals have made a peace, the dogs will not hurt you. I know them; they are good, honest dogs, and would not harm any one."

"Ah," said the fox, "I fear they have not yet heard the news."

SPRING WAKING

A SNOWDROP lay in the sweet,
dark ground,
"Come out," said the Sun,
"come out!"
But she lay quite still
and she heard no
sound;
"Asleep," said the Sun,
"no doubt!"

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head,
"Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!"
"It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in
bed."
"Oh, fie!" said the Sun, "oh, fie!"

"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!"
"No, no," said the Sun, "oh, no!"
"There's something above and I can't see
through."
"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the Robins here?"
"Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe."
"There wasn't a bird when you called last year."
"Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,
And there wasn't a bird in sight,
But she popped out of bed in her white night-cap;
"That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!"

And, soon as that small night-cap was seen,
A Robin began to sing,
The air grew warm, and the grass turned green.
"'Tis spring!" laughed the Sun, "'tis spring!"

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But it scattered the night,
Like the morning light,
And made the day worth living.

THE PIED PIPER

MANY years ago the little town of Hamelin was overrun with rats—big, fierce rats.

They fought the dogs and killed the cats
And bit the babies in the cradles
And ate the cheeses out of the vats
And made nests inside men's Sunday hats.

Every one tried to think of some plan by which the rats could

be driven out. When many plans had failed, the people came to the town-hall to tell the Mayor that he must do something.

The Mayor said he would give anything he had to the man who would rid the town of these rats. As he was speaking, a knock was heard at the door.

"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "What's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pitapat!"

The door opened and in came a man whom no one there had ever seen before. He wore a long coat, half of yellow and half of red, and carried a pipe or flute.

"Who are you?" said the Mayor.

"I am called the Pied Piper," said the stranger, "and I can rid your town of rats."

"I will give you a thousand pieces of gold if you will do so," said the Mayor.

The Piper went into the street and began to play a tune. In a few minutes

—out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

and followed the Piper, dancing to his music. He led them to the river and into it they went, and all were drowned.

When the Piper came back for his fee, the Mayor gave him only fifty pieces.

"Give me the money you promised or you will be sorry," said the Piper.

"The rats are all dead," said the Mayor.

Then the Piper went out into the street and began to play a sweeter tune than before.

Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls.

The Piper went down the street and out into the field. The children ran after him, skipping and singing. When they came to the

mountain, a door opened and in they all marched, and then the door closed for ever.

The Mayor sent men north and south, east and west, to find the Piper. "Tell him," said he, "that I will give him all the money in Hamelin if he will bring our children back." But no one has ever seen Piper or children since.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES

By the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all!
Lightly as the wingèd bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we!

JOHN LYLY

THE BABY SWALLOW

On a belfry turret's
Weather-beaten breast,
Lo! a Baby Swallow
Perches on his nest.

"Courage!" says the
Mother,
"Spread out either wing,
Spread it quite out in the
wind,
And then forward spring."

Baby Swallow pauses;
"O how deep!" he cries,—
"And my wings are far too small!—"
Mother-Bird replies:

"When, from off our house-top,
First myself I threw,
The good God—He carried me,
Quite as small as you."

Baby Swallow lightly
  Spreads out both his wings,
Spreads them quite out in the wind,
  And then forward springs.

O surprise!—he's flying!
  Nothing more he fears;
Round about the church he goes,
  And how well he steers!

Mother-Bird beside him,
  Singing full and strong,
To the God who carried him,
  All her swallow-song.

From the French of RAMBERT

A busy spider made a web
  Of thread so very fine,
Your little fingers scarce could feel
  The tiny slender line.
Round-about, and round-about,
  And round-about it spun,
Straight across and back again,
  Until the web was done.

THE LITTLE ACORN

It was a little acorn that hung on the bough of a tree.

It had a tender green cup and a beautifully carved saucer to hold it.

The mother oak fed it with sweet sap every day, the birds sang good-night songs above it, and the wind rocked it gently to and fro. The oak leaves made a soft, green shade above it, so that the sun might not shine too warmly on its green cover. It was as happy as an acorn could be.

There were many other acorns on the tree, and the mother tree, through her wind voices, whispered

loving words to all her babies.

The summer days were so bright and pleasant that the acorn never thought of anything but sunshine and a shower now and then to wash away the dust.

But summer ended, and the autumn days came. The green cup of the acorn turned to a brown cup, and it was well that it grew stiffer and harder, for the cold winds began to blow.

The leaves turned from green to golden brown, and some of them were whisked away by the rough wind. The little acorn began to feel uneasy.

"Isn't it always summer?" it asked.

"Oh, no," whispered the mother

oak. "The cold days come, and the leaves must fall, and the acorns, too. I must soon lose my babies."

"Oh, but I could never leave this kind bough," said the frightened acorn. "I should be lost and forgotten if I were to fall."

So it tried to cling all the closer to its bough; but at last it was alone there. The leaves were blown away, and some of them had made a blanket for the brown acorns lying on the ground.

One night the tree whispered a message to the lonely acorn. "This tree is your home only for a time. This is not your real life. Your brown shell is only the cover for a living plant, which can never be set free until the hard shell drops away.

This will happen after you are buried in the ground and the spring calls you.

"So, let go, little acorn, and fall to the ground, and some day you will wake to a new and glorious life."

The acorn listened and believed, for was not the tree its mother? It bade her good-bye, and, loosening its hold, dropped to the ground.

Then, indeed, it seemed as if the acorn were lost. That night a high wind blew and covered it deep under a heap of oak leaves.

The next day a cold rain washed the leaves closer together, and trickling water from the hillside covered them with earth. The acorn was buried.

"But I shall wake again," it said; and it fell asleep. The winter was cold; but the frost fairies wove a soft, white, snow blanket to cover the acorn and to keep it warm.

If you had walked through the woods that winter, you would have said that the acorn was gone. But spring came and called to all the sleeping things underground to waken and come forth.

The acorn heard and tried to move, but the brown shell held it fast. Some raindrops trickled through the ground to moisten the shell; and one day the pushing life within it set it free.

The brown shell was of no more use and was lost in the ground, but the young plant lived. It heard

voices of birds calling it upwards. It must grow. "A new and glorious life!" the mother oak had said.

"I must rise," said the young plant; and up it came, up into the world of sunshine and beauty. It looked around. It saw the green moss in the woods; it heard the singing brook.

"Now I know that I shall live and grow," said the little plant.

"Yes," rustled the mother oak, "you are now a young oak tree. This is your real life."

And the little oak tree was glad and stretched higher and higher toward the sun.

LUCY WHEELOCK

THE DANDELION

THERE was a pretty dandelion,
With lovely, fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine
And in the summer air.

But oh! this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray;
And, sad to tell, her charming hair
Blew many miles away.

THE SEED AND THE STONE

A TINY seed lay asleep in the ground. The cold winter had gone, and spring had come.

The soft rain fell, and the sun shone bright. The earth was warm and damp.

The little seed woke up. "Dear me," it said, "what a nice sleep I have had! I must begin to grow now."

A little stone lay at its side. "Grow?" said the stone; "what do you mean? *I* never grow."

"That is a pity," said the seed. "I was put here to sleep and then to grow. Just wait, and you will see."

First, the seed began to swell.

Its coat was soon too small for it and split right down the back.

"Poor thing, you will break up and die," said the stone. "No, no!" was the reply. "I am only growing."

Then the seed pushed a tiny white foot down into the soft earth. "There is my foot," it said. "That will hold me firm while I grow."

Next, it pushed its head up above the ground. Its old coat fell off, and two tiny, green leaves came out.

"Now I can see the sun, and I breathe the sweet air, and I feel the cool rain," said the seed. "I am growing every day; I shall soon be a big plant."

"Dear me, this is very odd," said the stone. "I never knew that things could grow like this."

"Good-bye, my friend," said the seed, which was now a little plant. "I will grow ever so high yet. By-and-by I shall throw down seeds of my own beside you. Tell them to go to sleep till the spring comes, and then they too will grow."

THE LAUGHING BROOK

"Why do you laugh, little brook, little brook,
And why so dimpled and gay?
What did you hear as you came through the wood,
And what did you see on the way?"

"Such fun as I've had! I saw in the wood
The violets opening their eyes,
The little ferns straightening out their curls,
And Jack-in-the-Pulpit rise.

The sunbeams, in passing, threw me a kiss;
The breezes whispered to me;
And the tiny pebbles tickled me so
I couldn't help laughing, you see."

Elizabeth Scantlebury

THE STORY OF MOSES

ONCE there lived in Egypt a king named Pharaoh, who made a wicked law. By this law all Hebrew boys, as soon as they were born, had to be cast into the river.

One poor mother, to save her little son, hid him for three months. But when she could hide him no longer, she put him in a small basket, made of bulrushes covered with pitch. Then she placed the basket among the rushes by the side of the river.

And the daughter of the king came down to the river to bathe. When she saw the basket, she sent her maid to fetch it. She found inside the basket a little babe crying. She took pity on the child and said:

"This is one of the Hebrew children." So she sent for a nurse, and the little child's mother was brought to her.

And the king's daughter said to the Hebrew woman: "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." So the child's mother took him and nursed him.

When the child grew up, he was taken to the king's daughter, and he became her son. She called him Moses, because, as she said: "I drew him out of the water."

When Moses was grown up, and a new king ruled over Egypt, God chose Moses to lead the Hebrews out of Egypt, for they were very cruelly treated there. But the king did not want to let them go. So God

gave Moses and Aaron, his brother, the power to do many wonders in the land of Egypt and to smite the people of Egypt with many plagues.

At last, after many days, the king of Egypt let the Hebrew people go. But as soon as they had gone, the king collected a great army and followed them, in order to destroy them.

And the Hebrews were much afraid when they saw the king's army behind them. But Moses said unto his people: "Fear not, stand still; the Lord shall fight for you."

Then God caused the waters of the Red Sea, which was in front of them, to divide; and they went on dry ground through the midst of the sea; and "the waters were a wall

unto them on their right hand and on their left."

When the people of Egypt also tried to cross, Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the waters covered them and drowned them all.

Thus the Lord that day saved the "Children of Israel", as the Hebrews were called, and destroyed the people of Egypt.

SPRING

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis Spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet.
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

CELIA THAXTER

Back of the bread is the snowy flour;
Back of the flour is the mill;
Back of the mill are the wheat and the shower,
The sun and the Father's will.

THE REASON WHY

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a little bit,"
Said Betty, grave and wee.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"'Cause I'm the girl that fell!"

M. E. Bradley

Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

BIRD THOUGHTS

I LIVED first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
To see what I could find.
I said: "The world is made of leaves—
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labours.
I don't know *how* the world is made,
And neither do my neighbours.

IF a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.

EVENING HYMN

The hours of day are over,
The evening calls us home;
Once more to Thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come.

For life and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play:

For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet in Heaven at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past.

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